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ful procession to meet the victorious army, for the nation, after its many years of civil war, looked forward to happier days of peace. Very shortly, however, after the king's entry into the capital on the 28th of August, the Sweating Sickness, as the disease was called, began its ravages among the dense population of the city. Two lord mayors and six aldermen died within one week; many who had been in perfect health at night were on the following morning numbered with the dead. The disease for the most part marked for its victims robust and vigorous men, and as many noble families lost their chiefs, extensive commercial houses their principals, and wards their guardians, the festivities were soon changed into mourning and grief. By the end of the year the disease had spread over the whole of England. Many persons of rank, of the ecclesiastic and civil classes, became its victims, and great was the consternation when it broke out in Oxford. Professors and students fled in all directions, but death overtook many of them, and the University was deserted for six weeks. The accounts which have been handed down are very imperfect, but we may infer from the general grief and anxiety which prevailed, that the loss of life was very considerable.

Some twenty years afterward, in the summer of 1506, the Sweating Sickness visited England for a second time. The renewed eruption of the epidemic was not on this occasion connected with any important occurrence, so that contemporaries have not even mentioned the month when it began; and in the autumn it disappeared.

A third time, in 1517, the Sweating Sickness once more broke out, and was so violent and rapid in its course that it carried off those who were attacked in two or three hours, so that the first shivering fit was regarded as the commencement of certain death. Among the poorer classes the deaths were innumerable, and no precautions averted death from the houses of the rich. This time the Sweating Sickness lasted a full six months, and reached its greatest height about six weeks after its first appearance.

A heavier affliction, however, was yet in store. In May, 1528, the Sweating Sickness again broke out in England, and fourteen months later brought a scene of horror upon all the nations of northern Europe scarcely equaled during any other epidemic. It appeared at once with the same intensity it had shown before, was ushered in by no previous indications, and between health and death there lay but a brief term of five or six hours. Once or twice again this fearful epidemic visited localities in Europe, but by the autumn of 1551 it had vanished from the earth, never, it is hoped, to reappear again.

ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

### III.

#### PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

"THE Queen's English" is always distinguished by a certain stately modesty, which at once asserts the dignity of the office, and ignores the temporary occupant of it by assuming the plural or editorial form of statement—WE. Without adopting this peculiar method of self-abnegation of their personality, all of our Presidents, from Washington to Andrew Johnson, with the exception of Andrew Jackson, have been singularly modest in referring to themselves as individuals in their public utterances. Even Andrew Jackson, who was as vain as he was energetic, was modest when his public speech referred to his official action. Our present President, among his other pseudo reforms, can justly boast of himself and Andrew Johnson, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Cleveland has completed the work that Johnson began. He revels in a wealth of personal pronouns. "I," "my," "me" and "myself" pop up like Jack-in-the-boxes in almost every sentence he utters. His acceptance speech should be printed like a dissected map,

with only the words *me, I, my and myself* omitted. It would serve as well as amuse, as a literary puzzle for the pupils of our primary schools.

Here it is—thus printed with the omission of these four words only:

MR. CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

The President in reply said: "I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard, and bids me bear it high at the front in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

"The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid me of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen.

"Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to me apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

"This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now.

"Four years ago I knew that our Chief Executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people, to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their numerous forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction; but I did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just; but I did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to me I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not if I could, for me nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course.

"It but remains for me to say to you, and through you to the Democracy of the nation, that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me, and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

Is there some subtle connection between the fraud called Civil Service Reform and personal egotism? We can't recall a single permanent advocate of it, or even a pretender to it, who does not justify the title of Snivel Service Reformer, for his obtrusive cant, and of godkin (little god) for his cockney pretensions.

DANIEL SPARKMAN.

P. S.—For all little godkins, the omitted words are supplied. Where do they go in?

myself myself

my my my my my my

me me me me me me me me me me

I I

## IV.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LANDSCAPES.

MR. STODDARD's article on Matthew Arnold's poetry in the June REVIEW is admirable as suggesting the general characteristics of Arnold's work in this department. A few words concerning a particular phase of his poetic art may be of interest. The subject of landscape portrayal in poetry has always seemed to me to occupy a less important place in study and criticism than it deserves in view of the interest and value belonging to it.

Since that movement in the history of English poetry—which may be said to have begun with James Thompson and to have culminated with Wordsworth—when Nature took a distinct place of her own as a subject, one is always interested to ask what attitude a poet assumes toward Nature, and how he deals with her.

It is, however, of Arnold's treatment of particular scenes that I wish to speak, rather than of any larger philosophy of nature that he may have held. He is very fond of furnishing a natural setting for the human element of his poem, and nowhere does he show himself a truer artist than in some of these brief but vivid pictures. His success here is largely due to what in pictorial art we call "composition"—a much more important element of all literary art than is sometimes realized.

It is given to the imaginative insight not only to perceive clearly and feel intensely the beauty and the power of a scene, but to discern upon what, peculiarly, these qualities depend. There results from this a process of selecting and arranging, of subordinating or rejecting *this*, of heightening or emphasizing *that*, which, while preserving its unity, shall give a sharp, clear impression of the characteristics of a scene. It is the lack of this, for example, that makes Thomson's descriptions of natural scenery—careful and loving as they are—so tedious, and so lacking in effectiveness; they show little sense of the relative values of the elements that go to make up the picture. Not a little of the charm of Arnold's poetry is due to his power to thus briefly but clearly suggest the beauty of a scene by means of a few vigorous, telling touches. The vital meaning of all such statements as the foregoing lies along the line of illustration, and there is space for one or two examples of Arnold's work in this field. Aside from that vague and indescribable charm that must always belong to any imaginative rendering by so true a poetic genius as was Arnold's, aside, too, from the beauty of diction and meter, how much of the force of the pictures depends upon this artistic sense which, with an unerring and unfaltering touch, fixes the attention upon the salient features of the scene, and at the same time gives to each its proper value as part of the picture.

Far, far from here,  
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there  
The sunshine in the happy gleus is fair;  
And by the sea, and in the brakes,  
The grass is cool, the sea-side air  
Buoyant and fresh. \* \* \*

—*Cadmus and Harmonia.*